"I would prefer to wait until she terms, if it's all the same to you." "Absurd! She may be absent for

"Nevertheless, Mr. Relsey, I will batt," persisted Boyd, "My patience will not be severely tried, and I wish

You shall know when she arrives.' Kelsey could no longer command fully obvious. He stood trembling vis-ibly, with hands clenched as if to gov-ern his perturbation while his glitter-ing eyes had taken on the hunted look of an animal at bay.

Buddenly he stepped forward, as if "If you are thus determined," he oried resentfully, "I'll see if I can find er. She may be in the room of a and across the hall. I'll see if she is

there, and will bring!" But Fellx Boyd fell back a step, and checked him with a gesture, "Stop a bit," he curtly commanded. "You need not bring her, Mr. Kelsey."

"I prefer that you should wait with me until she arrives.' "For what reason?" the young man For what reason? the young man pressed fury, he darted to one of the be done up brown and we didn't know short end in sight for them. A kick-front windows, and threw it open to anything about handing out sassy slap er is a fighter and a fighter is a win-For what reason, I say?"

Once more—you shall know when she arrives." "But I can bring her-

"I do not wish it." "This is absurd-I'll not submit to it!" cried Kelsey, with his voice grown shrill, and his lithe, slender figure shaken with passion. "Let me pass! Let me pass, I say! I'll see if I can find Boyd threw out his arm, and now

orled sternly: "You will remain here, Mr. Kelsey." The young man fell back a step, seemed at a loss what to do. Then his restless glance, which had been darting from window to door, and

that the key of the door was missing -in the hall outside. He seized upon the one bare chance the fituation presented, yet was crafty even in his swelling desperation.

from door to window, suddenly saw

shrilly: "You are mad-stark mad, sir! Un- to a back stairway. less you let me go, I will ring for help! You shall be ejected from my rooms!

You shall be-At that point he turned, however, with face convulsed with desperate As he came down the last flight, howresolution. With a bound as light as the door, his design being to gain the fice. For an instant, he scarce knew hall, and quickly lock Boyd in the which way to turn in search of his

Boyd had suspected his intentions, sight. however, and met him half way. With a loap to one side, he caught the fren- near by, into which she had entered in zied man in his arms, crushing him for an instant to his breast. Then came the culmination-the

cernment, anticipated.

sey's Hps, and Boyd suddenly realized woman—I'll hold you this time!" "Good God!" he cried, with an irre- his.

pressible gasp, "A woman!" Involuntarily he had released her, and fell back toward the door. He now Mr. Felix Boyd, accompanied by the to end, and that the clever and crafty office of Dabney & Co., in which the party confronting him was but little head of the firm then was seated. more than a girl, surely not above 21. Placing a small pasteboard box and a That her cunning did not end with pinch bag on the merchant's desk, this unexpected disclosure of her sex, Boyd said quietly: however, he very speedily learned.

A flood of crimson had risen over the face of the shrinking gorl, whose gus ones-ah! well, you may keep them passionate frenzy appeared instanly as a gift from your humble servant." dispelled. Mute and abashed, she started for a moment at Boyd's startled countenance, then suddenly buried her ing contents. face in her hands, and burst into a flood of tears.

Boyd had no time for expressing sympathy, however, even if so inclined. He at once produced the box of bogus rings, saying curtly:

"I also have brought these home to you, young woman, along with the which I-ahem!-recently purchased, put on the gloves and punch up some crime that goes with them. A very you will find that, in writing her note of those fellows in the Senate." As shrewd game you've been playing, for on a single sheet of paper, the pencil Senator Pat. McCarren was along Why, to be able to give the above ada fact. Luckily, I---

guilty. My name is Celeste-Yes; I'm well aware of it."

"You know that, too?" "Where are the stolen rings? Come. come, tears will not avail you anything. I want the rings at once, and

"They are here, they are here, sir," sobbed and moaned the girl, tottering to a desk in one corner of the room. "Oh, oh, if I return them, sir, can I not avoid prosecution? This is my first

"Enough of that," said Boyd sternly, as he rejoined her at the desk, "In this bag, eh? Yes, so they are, the entire lot. A very clever job, my girl, I'm sure. You now will have to go with

Sobbing as if her heart were breaking, Celeste, which was really her name, had produced a small plush from the desk, in which Boyd quickly discovered the missing rings. With his last remarks, he thrust the bag into his pocket, and laid he hand on

the arm of the weeping girl. 'But I—I can't go thus!" she moaned piteously, "I—I first must make a change. At least let me—let me put suitable clothing."

This suit served you well enough your knavery," growled Boyd, glancing about. "But I-I ---

Where are your other garments?" interrupted Boyd, with implacable au-"In the next room-see for your-

self," wept Celeste. "It will take but little time for me to change-"I propose to see for myself," growled Boyd, striding toward the room indicated. "No back stairway escape for

you, my clever miss, take my word for "Indeed, sir, I will not attempt it." "See that you don't. I'll let you make the change, since I shall wait here for your confederate, who should

presently-He was interrupted. A clock on a church nearby struck three. The last clang of the bell had not sounded, however, when a heavy hand was laid

on the knob of the door. The face, voice and bearing of Celeste changed like a flash. She darted to one side, with her eyes fairly blazing, and uttered a single piercing

shriek. "Don't enter! Beware!" she scream-

involuntarily.

So, indeed, it was; and the man's hard, victous countenance, when he beheld Felix Boyd in the room, took on a change that pen could not describe. A criminal and a cur always, less loyal to the girl than she had been to him, the Big Finger looked after himself alone. As Boyd sprung toward him, he closed the door with a thundering bang—and turned the key.

Boyd instantly whipped out his revolver, and fired three shots through the door.

A yell of derision answered them.

A yell of derision answered them. Then the closing of a second door fell upon his ear, He swung round with an oath. He alone stood in the

curling smoke that now filled the chamber. Celegte had darted into the inner room, and closed and locked the

"Good-by! Good-by!, Mr. Officer!" she screamed through the panel, as Boyd wrenched vainly at the knob. "You may see me later-unless I see you first!"

It was a situation and turn of affairs to have enraged any man, yet it was most daring and desperate in Felook down. The central office man was at that moment entering the hotel.

"Jimmie! Jimmie!" shricked Boyd, discharging his revolver into the air. "Jimmie, I say!" "The Big Finger-inside!" yelled Boyd, like a man in a frenzy! "The

Big Finger! Nail him as he comes down!" Coleman waved his hand, and dashed into the house.

through an adjoining room of the with hands fiercely cenched, and lips casing hung a long coil of rope, a the taps of a fancy boxer that put me mutely twitching. For a moment, he fire-escape, knotted at intervals. With-up Dizzy Alley and took the chamfire-escape, knotted at intervals. Without an instant's hesitation, Boyd threw open the window, and cast out the

Then he went over the sill, and, suspended 60 feet above the pavements, he knew it was where he had left it he lowered himself to the window below what from which he had emerged, which, fortunately, was open. He swung himself into the room.

The suite corresponded to the one He turned on his heef, and strode to above. Darting into the room below one side, nearer the window, crying that in which Celeste had eluded him, Boyd discovered a door leading

He never could have told just how he went down the three flights of stairs, or whiy his brains were not knocked out in the headlong descent. ever, he found himself in a side corthat of a panther, he leaped toward ridor of the hotel, not far from the ofquarry, for there was not a person in

Then, darting out of a coat-room the hope of securing a hat or cap, came-Celeste!

She recoiled as if struck with a last discovery Boyd, with all his dis- whip-and then Felix Boyd again, had her in his arms.

leste, with resentful eyes upturned to

Just before 5 o'clock that afternoon saw it all, this game from beginning central office man, entered the private "Here are your stolen rings, Mr

Dabney, in this bag. The box of bo-Dabney, shaking hands, tore open the dainty bag, and viewed its glitter-

"All here! Every one!" he cried, leaping up. "Good heavens, Mr. Boyd, how did you accomplish it?" Boyd laughed softly, and dropped

into the nearest chair. "Oh, I'll confess, sir! I'll confess ibly, probably under secret excitement, port back. all!" interrupted the girl, with her that the polished surface of the table

> "Ye gods!" "If you tip the table so that the light strikes it properly, you may read with but little difficulty: 'Exchange made! Hotel Tripoli, three sharp! Ce-

> "Good heavens! is that so?" "Decidedly so." smiled Boyd. "That appointment thus discovered, Mr. Dabney, the rest was comparatively

Dabley threw both hands into the

"If you ever ask me for a bill of that table, Mr. Felix Boyd," he cried, with a ringing laugh, "you will offend me beyond telling. "Good enough, sir," smiled Boyd,

rising to go. "I will keep the table as a reminder of a deucedly clever and dangerous woman." "You certainly measured her corectly, Felix," said Coleman, reverting

to Boyd's last remark, as the two men sauntered toward Pine street. "Yes, so I think, Jimmie," nodded Boyd. "It's well we have her behind

the bars." "Yet what an infernal shame that

Floods Destroy Game,

#### Jolts From John L.

served only to bring into play all that punch, the game being to walk into in. All the leaders in everything are it and swap wallop for wallop. I kickers, never hanging back because lix Boyd's nature. With a snarl of sup- looked upon fighting as something to a kick meant a fight with only the on the wrists such as you see for your money in abouts to day. I've been told that some of the fighters I've put away were scared to reath when they faced me in the ring. Arthur Chambers, who was behind Tug Wilson when we men, says he told Tug to get after me hard, and although tre Englitshman meant well he said afterwards he forgot all about Arthur's advice when he saw me dash Boyd then turned, and darted at him "like a bloody bleeding bull." A lot of new sports will say this suite, and reached one of the rear dope is all right up to a certain point, windows. On a heavy fron hook in the but it don't spoil the fact that is was up Dizzy Alley and took the champlonship away from me. Correct. but it wasn't so much the taps as it was the laps of the footrace that did me up, so my argument in favor of the old-time punch stays put. When you're fighting, why not fight, and cut out the Marathon racing in the ring?

> kers. A lot of people think I don't do anything but talk of fighting and fighters. I'd rather talk about a lot of other matters. I'm hahamed of being knows as a fighter, but there are so many interesting discoveries coming every day that I want to know about that matter get more into my think-

Some Knocks for the Present Day Fa-

box than do the socalled fighters. See that little skit done by Jack O'Brien and T. Burns, Esq? The Philadelphia reformer is getting most of the abuse, while Burns has had some praise for exposing the trick. But Burns did two things with O'Brien to fake and then gave him the double cross in the ring. They're a pretty

I could have put the public wise long ago to some of these imitation fighters, but what's the use of preaching to a public that has stood for For a mingled scream and moan of anguish and dismay broke from Kel-triumphantly. "Despite that you're a pelted at them from Frisco to Boston, and hack again? and back again?

aBs.vm\_eh.vdkII\_shrd By and by the fighting game will straighten out, for the fakers are nearly all in and the new crop ought to take a lesson from the mistakes of the hasbeen. There's too much science and frazzled finance in the ring today. The work may look prettler than in the old days, but it isn't so honest, and pretty fighters with dirty tails to their kites will be forgotton when the men who kept the sport on the level are honored fro their roughhouse honesty. You can take this prediction from John L. Sullivan.

'You Have the Fighting Eye" Tells Gov. Hughes.

I told Gov. Hughes of New York some things a couple of months ago. when I called on him to ask him to pardon an innocent man who is doing the because he wanted to be a good fellow and stand for another man's crime. "You hav the fighting eye, Gov-"Very easily," said he dryly. "If you evrnor, as I size you up," saiys I, "and carefully examine the lacquer table it would help you a whole lot ? you'd used by the thief was applied so forc- with me it gave him a chance to re-

"I wish I had your constitution, Mr. voice choked with welling sobs. "I am cairries a faint indention of each word Sullivan," said the Governor, side- count to any young man who will stepping my lead, and coming back follow it.

ner in the long run. He loses out sometimes, but the scores he more wins

than he does loses. Patrick A. Collins, who was mayor of Boston when he died, told me that was the fighters and kickers that made progress. He was talking to me on Washington street and he pointed to the Ames building, at that time one of the biggest buildings in Boston, and

"There's a monument to a kicker. One Sunday Fred Ames came down to have screamed aloud-my tongue redo something in his office, which was fused utterance." in a building owned by a man who didn't believe that people ought to breathe on Sunday. Ames was told by the watchman he could not get into the building on Sunday, and although Ames stormed and argued, he couldn't get into the building on Sunday. Ames was told by the watchman he couldn't

"All right," says Ames, after kicking, "I'll build a place where the doors won't be nailed up on Sundays." And that building is the result. I know the story is true," said Mr. Collins, cause Fred Ames told it to me."

Kickers? Count off all the big men of this nation, living or dead, and every one is in the kicker class, and I'm proud to be called a kicker. EITHER SIDE OF A BAR IS A LOS-

ING PLACE. By the grapevine telegraph I get the news that Jeffries is out of the ring for good, that he is well fixed and doesn't need more money. Also the tip comes that he is going into the booze business, I don't know Jeff's financial standing, but whether he's quit the a tiger I crouched, my breath came in ring or not, I want to tell him he's a gasps, my hands clutched convulsivecoump to go running a gin mill, no matter if he does need the money.

I have had a lot of experience in I summoned all of my powers to one the booze business, playing it both mighty effort, I wrestled as in a ways, and I solemnly swear that it's spasm—and won. Casting the razer a losing game, no matter which side upon the dresser, I dashed from my of the bar yeu're on. When I pelted room. He had not seen me." from one thirst parlor to another, the madman had leaned toward me, out money to buy liquor for people the strange glitter in his eye. Inwho didn't need it any more than I voluntarily I moved away from him, did, it was a losing game. I don't mean the money part so much as the rest. although I never tookfl a nickel of change once my money was laid on a

And owning a gin mill is worse than patronizing ane. You have to be hep with everybody, and Jeff, with his frosty front, couldn't stand it for a even if the gang would stand for such a poor mixer as he is.

I've owned upwards of half a hunared saloons in my time, and have traded in red liquor emporiums from here to, well, all over, and there's nothing in it either way. I have proved that I didn't care for fire-water, by dropping it for over two years, and you can bet you couldn't pull me into the owning end of a jag factory, not

with all kinds of inducements. My advice to the men who are on either side of the bar to out the whole thing, and change their luck while they have a chance. Don't I know! vice I've paid out bundles of money, and wasted years learning the lesson. And this advice is worth a bank ac-

### THE RAZOR

"And now I will show you a patient who is insane and still is not insane." said the guard, "I will show you a patient who is insane and still is not insane."

her confederate escaped," growled cal announcement he prepared to The patient bowed and extended open the door before which we had his hand. I shook it. There was stopped. As the guard made this paradoxiuld not locate him."
"Humph!' laughed Boyd. "It's not "His appearance will deceive you."

he is perfectly harmless." The guard swung the door open,

Vienna Correspondence Pall Mall Ga- and we entered a well tighted chamber of comfortable dimensions. T Sportsmen are greatly concerned over the shooting prospects for next season. The unusually high floods which have in so many parts of the country have wrought great haves among the smaller gams.

For many miles along the Danube, for instance, the meadows and low lying woodlands were under water just at the time the peasants were sitting and an immense number of birds have been lost in consequence. The young hares in the same districts, too, have suffered severely.

As the long, severe winter killed off great quantities of the bigger game in the mountains and forests, the shooting outlook generally is extremely unpromising.

ber of comfortable dimensions. The inciticed at once that the furnishings of the department, while simple in detail, were in quality much superior to that of the fittings throughout the rest of the asylum, and I was furually madman? I read it in your face, "There are no signs of madness here, "There are no signs of madness here, of the string was furthermore amanzed to perceive, along one wall, a set of shelves completely filled with books. In the cent with writing matreial, from beside which the occupant of the chamber rose as we entered, and advanced to medium height, with a wirry figure. His dress, although plain, was scrupulously neat.

As the long, severe winter killed off great quantities of the bigger game in the mountains and forests, the shooting outlook generally is extremely unpromising.

ber of comfortable dimensions. The department, while simple in detail, were in quality much superior to that of the fittings through-out the rest of the asylum, and I was since in the simple in detail, were in quality much superior to that of the fittings through-out and I was streak to perceive, along one wall, a set of shelves completely filled with books. In the cent was placed.

There are no signs of madnes, here, "There are no signs of madness here, "There are no signs of madness here, "There are no signs of madness here, "The proceive, along one wall, a set of shelves completely filled with noticed at once that the furnishings ily and smiled.

bring a visitor-Mr. Burton "Humph! laughed Boyd. "It's not the first time we have found the Big Finger too slippery for us. But we'll land him yet—sconer or later we'll land him yet—sconer or later we'll land him Take my word for that, Jimmie, dear boy. I'm on the trail of the Big Finger. Here, have a Henry Clay."

(THE END).

"His appearance will deceive you," ceive. In this conventional manner by a lunatic that I felt somewhat ill ton you will judge him entirely at ease. Then, too, we had just come with the ward of the violent insane, and the cries of its inmates still rung. However, do not by any chance open your knife in his presence. The sight of a blade of any kind renders him violent; otherwise he is perfectly harmless." ceive- in this conventional manner in the face. There I found no sign of mental aberration; a slight pallor was the only thing that seemed un-natural. He returned my gase stead-

bliss, such as one experiences in a dream? Then has some inhuman power, pitliess, overwhelming, ever gripped you by the wrist to force the weapon inward, to pierce the life that struggled to oppose it? So it was struggled to oppose it? So it was

"And the bitter orugity of that power! I fought, I strove against it, the self within me oried out to live and yet, like those of the bird charmed by the serpent, my eyes never left the glittering steel. With infinite loathing I gazed upon it—yet at the same instant its fine edge tempted me, promised a caress as soft, as de-lightful as a sweetheart's. I quiv-ered, I writhed in unspeakable agony —still closer drew the blade. I would

As the madman spoke I had watched him with increasing apprehension. However, no sign of violent emotion had appeared in his face; on the contrary it was quite calm. Neverthe-less I interrupted him at this point by again turning to the guard.

"Are you not afraid the recital may excite your patient—?" I began. "No," he returned, "it has just the opposite effect. His condition's always better after he has had the opportunity of telling his story," "You see I am quite an eccentric madman," the speaker resumed, with a smile, "but rest assured that I did not kill myself, for I am still here. Just as the demon seemed to have completely mastered me-I had closed my eyes, my teeth were set, I almost felt the cold steel in my throat the door opened. My roommate entered. At the sound of his step the spell fell partly from me. My arm relaxed—a thin crimson line showed on my neck. I turned. My roommate's back was toward me; he had not noticed my condition. In a second the frenzy swept back upon me momentarily I recoiled from the act.

Almost imperceptibly, I imagined, again, I fancied that I had caught

Wants Harsthon Racing Cut Out of the Ring—Some knocks for Present Day Faker—Tells force, was a being to see me, as he had heard of the Ring—Some knocks for Present Day Faker—Tells force, was a being to see me, as he had heard of the see of the Ring—Some knocks for Present Day Faker—Tells force, was a being to see me, as he had heard of the see of the Ring—Some knocks for Present Day Faker—Tells force, and the Ring—Some knocks for Present Day Faker—Tells force, and the Ring—Some knocks for Present Day Faker—Tells force, and the Ring—Some knocks for Present Day Faker—Tells force of the Some Advice on Drinking Worth a Free tune to Any Men Who Will Pollow The Kickers Make Progress—Some Advice on Drinking Worth a Free tune to Any Men Who Will Pollow The Kickers Make Progress—Some Advice on Drinking Worth a Free tune to Any Men Who Will Pollow The Ring Now the madman's face softened understood why the recital quieted

(Continued On Page Four.)

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